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BENEDICT ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

—BY—

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

An Historical Drama,

RELATING OF THE

TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD,

AND HIS DEATH.



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1891.

St. Louis.

1891

CHARACTERS.

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GEN'L GEO. WASHINGTON, Commander-in-Chief of
the American Army.

GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

SIR HENRY CLINTON, Commander of the British Forces
in New York.

GENERAL MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

GENERAL KNOX.

MRS. MARGARET SHIPPEN ARNOLD.

MISS BETSY SHIPPEN.

ANNIE, a Maid of Mrs. Arnold's.

MARY, an old woman.

JOSHUA SMITH.

BEVERLY ROBINSON

COLONEL HAMILTON.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND.

JOHN PAULDING.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

ISAAC VAN WART.

SAMUEL COLQUHOUN.

JOSEPH COLQUHOUN.

LIEUTENANT ALLEN.

DOCTOR PHYSIC, a Doctor of Medicine.

DOCTOR COMFORT, A Minister of the Gospel.

A SAILOR.

A BOY.

A GUARD.

SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS. SAILORS, GUARDS, etc.

TMP96-006487

Benedict Arnold the Traitor.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in Sir Henry Clinton's headquarters.*

Sir Henry Clinton and Andre present.

And. But, Sir Henry, I beg your pardon ;
I hope you will not persuade me
To do anything dishonorable.

Clint. Now, Andre, you come to the point,
Indeed to the extreme limit of it,
In all of its nicety and fineness.
To be honorable about it, I must say,
That some would consider it dishonorable,
While others would not. But we should not
Make too fine a point of difference
In such a question as this, the time,
Circumstances, and everything else considered.
You may remember the saying,
“ All is fair in love and war ;”
Well, Andre, if you think it possible
To your sense of reasoning to follow it,
I would have you act on that poetical suggestion.

And. Sir Henry, what would you have me do ?

Clint. He writes me here, in this letter
That he desires—to use his own words—
A man of his own mensuration to properly
Assist him in this business. By that, of course,
He meant a man both worthy of him
And the occasion, which is very great in its intent
And bearing on the time that calls it forth ;
And must be greatly met with, and promptly
And emergently, lest it slip from our grasp
And we lose it forever. And, Andre,
I bethought myself on the instant of you,
And had made up my mind that I
Would select you as the man.

And. You do me great honor, Sir Henry.

Clint. Nay, Andre, if you accept my proposition,
’Tis you that do me honor, as well
As you do honor to your country.

If I can ease your mind any, I'll say
I do not think it dishonorable,
Though I confess 'tis very dangerous.

And. I do not mind the danger, Sir Henry.
I assure you now, I promise you,
I will go.

Clint. Very well, then ; I will write to him
And tell him I have selected you
As the man, and will request him
To continue the correspondence with you,
Until you have completed the matter between you;
That which he may propose, and that
Which we may accept with honor
And satisfaction to ourselves. I am very grateful
To you, my dear Andre, that you will engage
In this business.

And. Nay, Sir Henry, I thank you
That you entrust me with this matter,
And I will do all in my power
To deserve your thanks, as well as his majesty's.

Clint. I do not doubt it.
Come, we will consider further of this. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*On the Hudson and the Vulture. Enter a boat
with Smith, Joseph, and Samuel Colquhoun.*

Smith. Easy, boys, easy ; pull a little stronger,
But make as little noise as possible.
We have not yet been seen, and a little more
Of this rowing will put us alongside
Of the vessel. Steady, boys, more steady,
And easy.

Sam. See the ship's dark shadow on the water!
How like a huge leviathan of the sea
She appears to me to be.

Smith. If I can once get within that shadow
Without being seen, I can easily clamber up
The ship's side and make known my message.

Jos. If its all right, let's signal her 'fore
We get alongside, or they might send
A shot at us, which, you know,
Would be rather disagreeable, to say the least,
Especially if they were any way good shots.

Smith. No fear of that, Joe.

Sailor. Boat ahoy, boat ahoy !

Smith. They see us, boys. Pull steady now,
And bring her alongside in a jiffy.

Sailor. Ho there ! ho there ! who are you,
And whither bound ?

Smith. We are from King's Ferry, and on
Our way to Dobb's Ferry.

Sailor. What in the devil do you mean
By presuming to approach his majesty's ship
Under cover of darkness? Come along side,
Come more alongside, and I'll see who you are,
And where you are going. What are you
Doing here this time of the night?
Freebooters, thieves, night-prowlers, spie's, mebbe
On some desperate venture. Oh, we'll spy you now;
Don't be afraid of that. Come up, come up;
I'll bet you are up to no good,
As sure as my names Jack Robinson.
(*Smith clammers up the ship's side.*)
Now I have you; now I'll take you
Where you can give an account of yourself.
You're in a fine net now, ain't you,
My pretty fish?

Smith. We meant no harm, sailor.
Where's the Captain?

Enter a boy on the deck
Boy. The Captain's orders is, the men
Be shown into the cabin.
(*Smith and the boy go into the cabin, which is visible
to the audience, where Colonel Robinson and
Captain Sutherland are present.*)

Re-enter SMITH.

Smith. The goodness of the night on you, sir.
Who are you? and where from?

Smith. Are you the Captain?

Suth. Yes, sir.

Smith. Well, I am Joshua Smith, and from General
Arnold.

Suth. Ah, indeed! what is your business?
Or rather, is your business with me?

Smith. My business is with Colonel Robinson.
If I mistake not this gentleman is he.

Rob. Yes, sir, I am Colonel Robinson.

Smith. I thought I knew you, sir.
Well, sir, here's a letter from General Arnold,
That he told me to give you.

(*Robinson goes aside and reads the letter.*)

Jos. Say, Sam, it's devilish cold down here.
I wish the old man would hurry up.
This ain't no snap down here
I can tell you.

Sam. No, that it ain't.
This is a regular old sou'wester.
I would give one day of my interest
In heaven if I had something to stimulate me.
Jos. I wouldn't mind going to hell just for
A little minute if I had a bracer.

Sam. I always told you you'd go to hell
For liquor, and I don't doubt it now
In the least but what you would.

Suth. Well, Colonel, is it all right?

Rob. Yes.

Smith. Here are two other papers
That the General also requested me to deliver to
you.

(Robinson goes aside and reads them also)

Smith. This is a good ship, Captain,
That you command, strong and well built,
And one, I should say, pretty hard to sink.

Suth. You may well say that, sir,
And with good judgment; she is indeed
A good ship, one of England's staunchest
And truest that ever sailed the mighty main;
One never contented unless sporting in her element,
And one that can swim like a fish
And is inured to all the sea's mischances.
God bless you, sir, I love this old ship better
Than I do myself. I'd far rather go down
Than see her sink.

Smith. How long have you followed the sea, Captain?
If I am not too inquisitive.

Suth. Not at all, sir.

Rob. One moment, Captain, if you please.
Permit me to leave you for awhile,
While I make ready for the General's business.
I will return to you in a moment.

Suth. Certainly, Colonel, take your pleasure,
I will try to interest Mr. Smith, while you are
absent. *[Exit Robinson.]*

You asked me how long I followed the sea.
Fifty years, sir, fifty year coming next fall;
And I hope my old hulk may be good
For many years more.

Smith. I hope so.

Suth. Here comes Colonel Robinson in company
With another gentleman.

(Re-enter Robinson with Andre.)

Rob. Mr. Smith, allow me to introduce to you
Mr. John Anderson, the man whom
I have decided to employ in this business.

Smith. I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr.
Anderson.

And. The happiness is mutual, sir.

Rob. So you will go, notwithstanding this?

And. Even so: I will go and right away.
Come let me go: if it must be done,
It must be done; and if I must do it.

I must do it. It must be done sometime,
So it is best to do it right away,
And be done with it for good and all.
I will do it now or never.
Come, let us make haste, for I am anxious
To get over with it all.

Rob. You see, Captain, he is all excitement,
And nothing can stay him now from going.
His eagerness makes him regardless of all danger.

And. There is no danger that I fear.
Come, let me go, and I'll show you
That it'll come out all right.

Rob. Very well; it is best.
Mr. Anderson, see that you attend to the business
properly,
And you'll have my everlasting gratitude.

And. I'll attend to it, sir, to the best
Of my ability. I can not do more.

Rob. Well, I think that every thing is now ready,
To set off.

Suth. Row the boat a little more alongside
Of the vessel down there, so that
These two gentlemen can get into it.

Sam. All right, all right.

Smith. Well, good night, Captain. Good night, Colonel.

And. Good night to you both, gentlemen.
I expect to be back before morning;
So be on the lookout for me.

Suth. All right, all right. Good night, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Room in Smith's House.*

Enter MARGARET and BETSY.

Mar. Well, Betsy, how are you enjoying yourself here
on your visit? I hope you are having a good
time. Of course this is not a place like a large
city to have a good time in, but then it has its
advantages, too. We cannot go to balls, parties
and theatres here, as we can in the city, but then
we can take strolls and make excursions out here
into the mountains and the forests, and admire
nature and her handiwork direct from her own
hands, which is to me more delightful than the
pleasures of the city.

Betsy. I promise you, Peggy, I am having a delightful
time. I do not think I could ever tire of this
place, it is so lovely. I promise you I will not

close my visit very soon but will stay with you here until I tire you so that you will give me a hint it is time I were going home.

Mar. Well, I hope not, Betsy. You will stay here a long time before I ever give you such a hint. And it has been a surprise to me, Betsy, that you are not yet married. You are still Betsy Shippen, I see, and have not yet changed your name. What have become of all those beaux you used to write to me about? Were they faint-hearted, or are you a fickle maiden, so very hard to please?

Bet. I have them still in my train, Peggy. They follow me about like so many sheep do a wether. There have been several of them, too, who have asked me to change my name to theirs, but the right one has not asked me yet. I have an eye on one of them, though; he had better not ask me to marry him, if he doesn't mean it, for I'll be bound to accept him so quick that it will make his heart leap into his throat, if he thinks he can escape me.

Mar. Well, I hope, with all my heart, if you love him, that he will ask you for your maiden hand.

Bet. He will, Peggy; don't be afraid of that; it only takes time; they all come to it at last; not a one can hold out longer than a six month, if I am of a mind that they shall not. But, Peggy, how are you, and married life agreeing? Of course, I needn't ask you, for I can see that you are as happy as can be

Mar. Yes, indeed, I am. I think I have the best husband living.

Bet. Oh, of course, no doubt about it; that's what all women say about their husbands; but I think myself that your husband is as good to you as he can be. But don't you think, Peggy, to be a little more sober, that he has changed from what he used to be? so at least it seems to me. I suppose it is this war business of his though that is the cause of it.

Mar. Why, Betsy, I do not think that he has changed any; at least not to me; he'll always be the same to me; you cannot say that he will change to me. Why, Betsy, of course we all change. A man or woman's humor either can not be the same all the time. It's bound to change with age and time, just as our persons are. We can not remain the same; we must change. It's a law of nature, and nature's law must be obeyed, whatsoever else may

happen. Here he comes. And now, Betsy, don't cross him, whatever you do, for if he is not in a good humor, what's the use of crossing him and only making him in a worse one. No good at all; indeed, the worst of all.

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. Well, Peggy, I dare say you expect to see a cross husband now, but I will fool you this time, and be as good as the proverbial Abel.

Mar. I am glad to see you in such a good humor: nothing delights me more than to see you so; I like to see everyone in a good humor, yet even that in time, I suppose, would tire me like everything else: I crave variety.

Arn. Well, then, to be various with you, I'll be cross again; and first I'll begin on you. Now, then, vain woman, if you ever do again what you did last night, just as I wanted to go to sleep, I will—I will—

Mar. You will, you will, what will you do?

Arn. I will—I will—well I will be cross.

Mar. You big old bear, you, if you are cross, so much the better, if you will only hug me, for I'd love to be hugged to death by you.

Arn. Ah, Peggy, this is no time for hugging. Wait until to-night, and then I'll hug you all you desire. And, Betsy, how are you and Peggy making it? I say, Betsy, take care you say nothing against me, for my dear Peggy'll not allow it; she is yet head over ears in love with her benedict. Are you not, Peggy? Alas, that I should have entrapped my Peggy so completely! What, dear me, do you see in me so fascinating?

Mar. Just hear how he talks, Betsy. If you knew how he doats on me, more than any old man ever did on a young bride. I doat on him, ah, he doats on me, and never was such doating before, as you can see.

Arn. But why do you doat so much on me, Peggy? Because you can't help it, don't you see, Peggy?

Mar. That's right; tell all my private affairs to my sister, that she can plague me with 'em. You do it, I know you do it, merely to show my weakness, woman's proverbial weakness under their liege lord's bondage and sovereignty. Ah, Betsy, you should have heard him woo me—you'd have blushed for poor humanity—even so weak as that is—to have seen him, when he swore that he loved me ten thousand times more I could ever love him, and asked me to have pity on his misery,

else he would die a languishing and miserable death, or something at least he said to that effect. And see now how he requites me! how he mocks me for my foolish weakness, which makes me as weak and foolish as a baby. O, dear Cupid, I wish you had not hit me so hard, at least not so hard that you keep me forever felled, and hardly ever will let me get up from my humiliating position. Ah, dear me, you do not know what pain and anguish you have caused me this many a day.

Arn. Well if she does not doat, I am a rascal. But come I must be alone now. You two had better leave me.

I am to hold a private interview here
With a gentleman on important business,
Which immediately I must attend to.

Mar Come, Betsy, let's go then,
We are too foolish to meddle with state affairs.
We leave you, husband, to your pleasure.

[Exeunt Margaret and Betsy.]

Arn. Beautiful Peggy! how I do love her,
And her alone! and when with her
It seems, all my better nature awakens,
And nothing possesses me but love and goodness
For her. What if by following the course
I now am I shall be doing her a harm.
She is the only being in this world
That I love, and to do her a harm
Would be doing me more harm
Than anything that I know of.
Ah me! what if my doing here
Will be her undoing? But enough of this;
I must not think of such things.
Love's out of the question now,
And Hatred, Passion and Vengeance must now
Come in full play. Hatred urge me on,
Passion kindle in me a flame of fire;
And Vengeance keep it burning so
That it may never slumber but ever be
Awake to wreck destruction on the
Accursed country I am now about to betray.
I would I had never turned a hand
For my accursed country. Yet I bled for it.
My leg is not yet quite well.
May God shrivel it to a sapling
If ever again I fight for it.
Curse you, my country, I wish I could destroy you
At one fell sweep, and hurl you to utter destruc-
tion.

I wonder what Andre can be waiting for ;

Why does he not come ? I am all excitement,
As a man about to do a cursed deed,
I cannot rest in peace another moment.
Until I have finished this accursed business.

Enter ANDRE.

Ah, Andre, you have come at last.
Well, here within the shelter of this spacious house,
We can find a snug retreat in some hidden chamber,
From all prying persons, and transact our business
With perfect safety, and at our ease and leisure.
Now you may be at ease with yourself;
We have the whole day before us
Wherein to finish the rest of this bussiness.

And. Would that we had finished it at the landing!
And that I could have left last night,
When now I might be safely stowed within the
Vulture.

I can not be at ease,
Ever since I crossed into your lines,
Which has given me intimation how easy 'tis
For me to be captured if I should be suspected.
I rode along with you at first with cheerful spirits,
As one might, not fearing any danger, and not
Until I heard the sentinel commanding the coun-
tersign

Did I think of the danger I was running into.
Now I must confess I cannot be at
My ease, even though under your care.

Arn. You are perfectly safe with me,
So put off all notions of fear.
I will manage to make you as comfortable
As possible while you make your abode
Within our lines.

(A cannonading is heard without.)

And. Hark ! what is that ? how like
A dreadful peal of thunder that follows
The lightning in a thunderstorm is that detonation !
What cannonade is that down the river
That makes such an echo in these hills ?
Is it against the Vulture ? Oh, let me see !

Arn. Even so ; it is against the Vulture.
Look out of the window and you can see.

And. I see it plainly now, and it fills
My heart with anxious emotion.
Would that I were only on board
That they might sooner move down the river
Out of the reach and danger of the canon shot ;
For now I think they are awaiting me,

And therefore are unwilling to change their position.

Arn. No danger of that ;
For 'tis now too late to expect you ;
And there's also no danger for her,
For the firing has compelled her to move
From the position she held during the night,
And she is dropping further down the river,
Until now she is beyond the reach of shot.

And. Thank God! the firing has at last ceased.

Arn. Yes, so come, and now resume
Your wonted spirits and composure.

And. I confess I was very anxious, indeed, almost
frightened.

But consider the circumstances I am now placed in,
Which makes me think I have good cause to be.
But even though I may be frightened at times—
Even the bravest of men may be frightened at
times—

Do not think I am necessarily a coward :
Only when I am taken unawares,
Then am I sometimes frightened,
But only for a moment—it soon passes away.

Arn. Well then now to business.
Here then are all the papers,
All about which I explained to you
Some little while ago.

And. And now I have them all
Within the grasp of my fingers,
These papers in themselves are worth untold fortunes ;
Fame, glory and renown. Everything is now
As well as done, if I can only deliver them
Into the right hands.

Arn. True, Andre, never before did I compromise myself by papers.

I always held that papers should never be written
Which at some time might make the writer blush
Or put him in danger. But now you have
All these papers, which if found on you
Will compromise us both, branding you
As a spy, and me as a traitor,
And from which we can not come off
But with our lives.

Andre, be careful of them !
Preserve them as the jewel of your eye ;
And defend them if necessary with your life.
They are as precious to us as virtue
And beauty to a woman ; health to
A sick man and breath to life ;

They are as perilous as wine, women and gambling
are;

And as dangerous as a woman's smile or tear,
Or caress, or anything that she may use
To ruin you, if she would ;
So defend them with your life, and make him
Who tries to take them from you
Walk over your dead body
Before he may accomplish it.

And. I will, Arnold, I will, so help me God.
I will defend them with my life, my soul, my honor,
With all the strength God has endowed me,
And with all my zeal for my King's service.
When they are taken from me, then boldly say
Andre is dead, Andre is no more on earth,
But his soul has taken flight
To far off and unknown regions,
From which he can never more return.

Arn. I believe you truly think you would do
What you say, but man at best is weak,
And ever promises to do more than he is able.
Not that I say, that it is not your intention,
Nor either that you are not able to defend them—
But still let me again caution you
That to lose them ruins everything most possible
now.

And. I know it; therefore, I'll take good care.

Arn. Now, Andre, you will soon quit me,
Perhaps we will never see one another again.
Who knows. I am sure I do not
We do not know what may happen to-day,
While to-morrow, or day after; ah, Andre,
We do not know what may happen at any moment,
But it is as unknowable as the unknowable.
Now, we can only trust in our good luck,
As the gambler or the speculator does;
So I will say to you, Andre, I wish
You good luck.

And. I will pray to my lucky star
That I may succeed. If she proves
To me unlucky now, I'll never hope
For luck again.

Arn. Ah, Andre, 'tis done at last. At last, at last,
My dream is now about to become true.
For many nights have I dreamed of this;
For many days have I pondered,
While walking on these gloomy banks,
Of all this which we have at last finished.
At last, I about to be revenged.
Sweet revenge, as sweet as the hope of heaven.

Oh Heaven, grant me but this appeal,
If never again thou listenest or favorest me.
Oh, my wrongs have long cried out to be revenged.
Now I thank heaven I am about to succeed.
My country has long driven me to this course ;
Now she may thank herself for what happens.

And. That's what she may.
She has been an ingrate to you,
And I don't blame you for doing
What you do.

Arn. I did love my country at one time, Andre,
As heaven is my witness I did.
I fought for her, too, as you yourself
May have heard. I risked my life for her, too,
Though I never did hold it of much account.
Perhaps it would have been better
Had I been killed while fighting for her ;
That would have been a soldier's death at least ;
An honorable death. And now heaven only knows
What a death I am doomed for.
I may yet live to die on the gallows,
Or to be shot down to death :
That would be the doom no doubt
That I would merit, if I should be caught
In this business. Oh, it seems to me
That when I look at it calmly,
That this is a terrible business
That I am now in.

And. But, Arnold, listen—you don't—

Arn. No, Andre, I hazard my all on this cast.
My wife, my dear and lovely wife ;
My child, my little baby boy,
Who will learn to lisp the name of traitor,
And to despise his own father ;
My wife, my child, my all, I throw
To the wide winds to gratify my passion.
O God! now I begin to see how Nemesis
Might pursue me ; now I feel
That I pay for my revenge
With my dear heart's blood. I think
I know and see how all will turn out ;
I feel now as if I should turn back :
I will find myself dishonored and unloved :
Not a man in the world will pity me,
But everyone will turn against me,
My name will be the most dishonored one
Of all. I will be alone, alone, quite alone,
In this wide, wide world, without a country,
If we fail. O God! what if we should fail.

And. Why, Arnold, what is the matter with you ?

We shall not fail ; we can not fail.
For heaven's sake, man, what has come over you ?
You are not yourself. Come, be a man :
Do not be childish, but brace up
And be a man.

Arn. True, I was not myself.
I do not know how this weakness came over me.
This is the first time that I ever felt
Such weakness ; it all seemed to come
To me of a sudden. I don't know how.
But come, I am over with it now.
I am myself again.

And. Thank heaven that you are ;
I was becoming fearful of you.
Well, we all have our moments of weakness ;
And this must have been one of yours.
But come, let's get ready. I am
All impatience to begin my journey.

Arn. Very well then, come ;
I'll start you on your journey.
I am ashamed of myself that I allowed myself
To have been so weak. I promise you
It shall never happen again.
My country shall suffer for this
When she comes within our possession.
I shall laugh when I see her downtrodden,
And shall spurn and trample on her,
As if she was a venomous serpent,
And laugh at her anguish, and gloat
Over her death throes, as I would enjoy
A feast after a couple of day's fast
My country never did much for me,
I am sure, and I'll make her sorry for it.
I will now bid farewell to her forever,
And never call her mine again.
'Come, let's go. From now the time is dated,
That her and I must be forever parted.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A road near Tarrytown.*

PAULDING, WILLIAMS and VANWART found concealed in
the bushes near the road.

Paul. Well, boys, we have found a snug retreat here sure
enough. 'Twould take a mighty powerful, good
hound to scent us out here; and woe upon the luck-
less individual that falls in our hands, for we belong
to the noble skimmers, a gallant, reckless band as

ever was, and feared through all the country round.

Will. You may truly call us skimmers, for we always skin people out of their money when they come our way.

Wart. So we do, boys, both legally and morally. Say we have a social game of seven-up to drive away dull care and sorrow.

Will. Yes, and dull time too. All right: let's play: bring out the cards.

Paul. Here they are: I got 'em always handy.

Worth. Shuffle 'em, John.

Paul. High deals. You deal, Ike; you got the king.

Wart. All right. Say; is this a straight game; boys?

Will. Yes, you may bet on't. What'll we play for? money, cattle, hides, skins, or what?

Wart. Money. Say we make it a dollar a game.

Paul. I will play you once if I lose.

Wart. Will you cut, John?

Paul. Yes, you bet I'll cut, shoot or run.

Wart. Well, boys, spades is trumps: the queen of spades, you see.

Paul. I turned up a queen once, Ikey, but she was no go: I lost on her.

Wart. Follow suit, Dave. Havn't you got a heart.

Will. Yes—in my system, but not in my hand.

Wart. No matter where you got it. Play it.

Will. I havn't got it to play. It's played out long ago: Annie played it out for me.

Paul. That's my trick, Dave: what are you thinking of? a queen beats a Jack.

Wart. Dave's thinking of Annie, I suspect, or p'rhaps of euchre: it's only in euchre where a scurvey jack can come it over a beautiful queen: that is if it's a bower: then he downs her every time. That's your trick, John, no question about it.

Will. Play on my ace there, will you? Oh, I thought that would bring your jack. Boys, give me high, low, jack and the game.

Wart. What else do you want, the earth?

Will. Yes, with a big fence around it.

Wart. I believe you. You believe in whole hog or none: you are more of a republican than a democrat I see. Let's count this game here.

Will. I played low sure; no one can claim that.

Wart. And I got game sure; over thirty odd;
No use counting it.

Paul. Will, give me the cards; it's my deal.

Wart. Let's take something before we start another hand.

Will. Hello! some one in sight. Keep close now boys, and keep your eyes peeled.

(Enter ANDRE, on horseback, at a distance).

And. Well, I think I'm on the right road now,
And I shall get through all safe.
I believe I'm through the most dangerous part
Of the country, and begin to think the worst part
Of my journey is over with. Ah, how pleased
Sir Henry will be when I succeed.
I'll be the lion of the hour, I'm confident,
When the part I took in this affair comes out.
Gee, Nellie, what's the matter with you?
Why did you shy so? Did you see anything?
Or are you becoming tired? Ho, sweet girl,
Come up now, and get along; we have
A long journey yet to make.

Wart. John, he's a stranger, and a very gentleman-like
looking fellow, that you don't see often about
these parts, and appears to be very well dressed
and has boots on, and who I think you had better
stop and question, if you don't know him.

Paul. Hush, Ike; talk low.

And. This is a romantic place, eh, Nellie?
I have hardly time to admire the scenery.
Or I would let you rest a little.
I can only look with gloating eye on it,
And inhale it, as it were, with one gulp.
Ah, this scene revives within my mind
Old and fond memories. O, Honora,
Thou bright star of my youth,
Let that star in heaven that most resembles you
Guide me to-night as safely
As your fond ever-remembered image does
In the day-time. O, sweet Venus,
Thou bright star that shines so lovely,
Guide me with your sweet influence,
That I may make my journey safely.

Paul. Halt! who are you? What's your business?
Which way are you going?

And. Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party?

Paul. What party?

And. The lower party.

Paul. We do.

And. Well, I'm a British officer, out of the country
On particular business, and I hope
You'll not detain me a minute,
(Andre pulls out his watch).

Paul. Dismount.

And. My God! I must do something to get along
(He pulls out a pass from General Arnold).

Here's a pass from General Arnold ;
Read it, if you wish, and see whether 'tis not
All right, and then let me go for I'm
In a hurry. Well, is it not all right ?

(Andre gets down from his horse.)

Paul. Let's see. Boys, keep an eye on him. Sure
enough this is a pass,
And I don't doubt but that it's genuine,
For it's dated at headquarters,
With General Arnold's own signature to it.
But, boys, this is all very strange and curious,
He first saying he's a British officer,
Pulling out his watch at the same time
'To prove it, and then pulling out a pass
From General Arnold, in which he doesn't say
A word about a British officer.

And. Are you not of the lower party ?

Paul. No, we are not : we are of
The upper party, the right party, the great party,
The only party. I tell you, my friend, it would
Have been better for you if you had belonged
To the right party. Then you would have
Been all O. K.: now your name is Dennis :
Now you are as sorry an object
As an office seeker that has belonged
To the wrong party : now we will pluck you.

And. Well, then I will admit I was lying to you.
I am not a British officer, but I am an
American citizen of the same party
That you are.

Paul. Well, here's a puzzle ; a regular Chinese puzzle.
Now I have you ; now I haven't you :
First you are ; then you aren't.
What are you any way ? are you
Or are you not ? that's the question
For this here jury to decide.
Mebbe you are, and mebbe you aren't :
No telling , so I must investigate the title
Of this business, as the attorney said to his client,
And see whether I can make heads or tails
Of it.

And. I tell you, gentlemen, there is not any need
Of any investigation here at all.
If the pass is genuine, and you know it,
Why, there's an end of the whole matter.

Paul. It is, is it ? well, I don't know about that.
The end is not yet come, I'm thinking,
If I may be permitted to think at all
In this matter.

And. Gentlemen, I beg you, do not detain me,

- Do no put this indignity on the general's messenger,
For you'll be sure to get yourselves into trouble.
- Paul.* I'll risk it once, at all events,
If I hang for it. Watch him, boys, he may
Try to escape. Come now, sir, there's no
Other way, you must go into the bushes
And let us search you.
- And.* Gentlemen, I protest, this is a perfect outrage.
- Paul.* Ike, shoot him down like a dog;
Dave, pepper him, if he tries to escape.
- And.* You'll pay for this outrage, gentlemen.
Well, then, come on; of course I'm willing
To be searched, and I hope you'll find something
For your pains. But, gentlemen, I'll make this
outrage known,
If I live another day.
- Paul.* Shut up, or you may not live another day.
Make it known; we do not care.
Come now; in the bushes here,
(*They go into the bushes and search him, which is
visible to the audience.*)
Now pull off your clothes.
- And.* Very well, here's my coat.
- Paul.* Can't you find nothing in it, Dave?
- Will.* No, nothing; fine garment, though,
- Paul.* Ike, you search his pants,
- Wart.* I can't find anything in 'em.
- Paul.* Look sharp, boys. look sharp,
I've made up my mind to find something;
I'll be terribly disappointed if I don't.
Can't you find anything in his vest?
In his shirt? in his underclothes?
(*They shield Andre from the gaze of the audience
here.*)
Can't you find anything?
- Both.* No, nothing; such cursed luck.
- Paul.* In his boots? stockings? hat? nowhere?
Why you hav'nt even pulled off his stockings,
Pull 'em off. I bet you a dollar.
We find something in his stockings.
I've never known it to fail.
'Tis strange, I never thought of it before.
- Will.* Sure enough. Here are some papers.
- Wart.* And here are some more.
- And.* Gentlemen, these are only private papers.
They can not interest you in the least.
- Paul.* As I thought; there's no place
For hiding things like in the stockings;
This is gospel truth, boys, and every old woman

And young one's, too, for that matter,
Knows it. Witness what she does; she always
Hides her purse in her stockings.

And always finds it again, too,
When she wants it.

You may pull on your clothes now, sir,
While I examine the papers.

Wart. Keep an eye on him, Dave.

He looks desperate and might skip.

Will. In his condition, Ike, O Ike,

Ikey, do you think he'll skip

In this condition, after he has been raped

Of all his possessions. Supposing he was

A woman now, dressed only in her dear mother's
Nature's clothes. O Lord, let me not think

Of it. I guess its better as it is.

Will. Well, John, what can you make of it?

Lord! what a face for an artist.

Ignorance made wise! He can't make much

Of it, I guess. I know I could'nt, thanks

To my ignorance.

Wart. Why, what is it, John; have you got 'em again?

Paul. My God! he's a spy.

Wart. What! are you certain?

Paul. As sure as I can read. If he's not

A spy, I am ignorance itself.

Will. Lord! what a catch! If we don't

Become rich by this pull, I'll never search

Another man again as long as I live.

And. Gentlemen, for God's sake, what do you mean?

You surely do not think I am a spy.

Paul. That's about the size of it.

And. You don't understand anything about this.

Come, give me the papers, and I'll explain.

Paul. Not much: I've got these papers,

And I'll keep them, be sure.

Come, sir, we will go where your horse
Is hitched.

(They go out into the road.)

Paul. Now you are in a pickle, my friend,

I would not be in your boots for

A big sum of money. What will you give me,

If I let you go?

And. I'll give you any sum of money.

Paul. Will you give me your horse, saddle, bridle, watch,

And one hundred guineas?

And. Yes, and I'll direct you to any place

So that you may get them.

Paul. Will you give us more?

And. I will give you any quantity of dry goods,

- Or any sum of money you may demand,
And bring it to any place you may pitch upon,
If you let me go.
- Paul.* No, if you would give us ten thousand guineas
You should not stir one step.
Would you run away if it lay in your power?
- And.* Yes, I would.
- Paul.* I don't intend you shall.
- Will.* Why did you call yourself a British officer?
Why not John Anderson, my Joe?
And you'd have been all right.
- And.* For God's sake, gentlemen, ask me no more questions.
Take me to one of your commanders,
Where I will reveal all.
- Paul.* All right: we'll do it.
I don't wish to make sport of your misery.
I hope you'll forgive me, if I
Have offended you.
- And.* Yes, yes, I forgive you all.
I know you do but your duty.
- Paul.* Well, mount your horses, boys,
We'll take him to North Castle,
Where Lieutenant Colonel Sheldon is stationed
With a party of his regiment of dragoons.
I've been there often and know the way.
Come, hurry up, and guard the prisoner carefully.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Arnold's Headquarters, Robinsons. Enter Arnold and Margaret.*

- Mar.* Now, husband, the breakfast is all prepared,
And everything is ready and awaiting the guests
As soon as they may come.
- Arn.* Very well, my lovely housewife.
But hark! I think our guests are coming;
For if I mistake not I heard horses's hoofs
Coming up the road. Let's look out
And see whether we can see them.
The General is a very graceful rider,
Sitting on a horse in such a manner
As if he had been born in a saddle;
And with such an erect and towering mien
That he attracts all attention from his compeers,
As if he was a very Centaur among common
horsemen.
- Mar.* I do not see General Washington with them,
Perhaps he is coming on behind.

Arn. No, I do not think so ;
He may have been delayed in some manner.
You do not know him as well as I do :
Washington never rides behind ; he is always
In the lead, whether in an engagement or not.
But here they are ; I will go out
And be ready to receive them at the gate,
And bring them in. [Exit.

Mar. I know not what to think of my husband.
He must be in trouble, or something
Of extraordinary importance is on his mind
That makes him so changed lately.
He is now always so grave and thoughtful
When alone that I am very uneasy about him ;
Though he has such control over himself
That when I am with him he could be cheerful,
'Though his heart were breaking. I can not
Possibly find out what it is, for I know
He does not tell me the truth, for fear
He might cause me suffering. What a dear,
Good husband he is ! Oh, were anything disastrous
To befall him, I know 'twould be my death.
O, thou great God ! I pray thee
Watch over him and keep him safe,
And bring thou speedy peace to this land
That we may all again sleep in contentment.
(Re-enter Arnold and Colonel Hamilton and other guests).

Arn. Here are our guests, wife.
This is Colonel Hamilton, Washington's aid-de-
camp ;

And these other gentlemen are also of his staff.
Mar. Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all.
You are all welcome, and I hope
You will all make yourselves at home,
And enjoy yourselves best you can ;
Your humble hostess will do all
In her power to see you do so ;
So do not offend her, if you please,
By being slow with her good-will.

Ham. First, our honored hostess, let me thank you
In the General's and in our own names,
For the kind hospitality you extend towards us.

Mar. The less thanks the better, Colonel.

Ham. Then let me give you the general's message,
That he is sorry he cannot take breakfast
With you, but hopes to have the pleasure
Of taking dinner with you.

Mar. I am verry sorry that the general was delayed,
But we must console ourselves with the thought

That he will be with us for dinner.
Now, gentlemen, please draw near to the table.
And see whether we can do justice
To the breakfast that will be brought before us.

(Waiters bring in the breakfast.)

I confess, gentlemen, I am almost envious of you—
If it is proper for a hostess to
Be envious of her guests good appetites,—
For having rode in the open air this morning,
Which riding I know is conducive to good appetites,

Since I, myself, have taken many a canter before breakfast,

And know whereof I speak; but I did not
Have an opportunity this morning.

But, gentlemen, I beg, do not be bashful;
And do not let me do all the talking,
Or I will think that you are all tongue-tied.

Ham. Know, hostess, a soldier is naturally bashful
When he comes in contact with the fair sex.
He can be brave before a man,
But before a woman his bravery vanishes,
And he is weaker and more helpless
Than a maiden ever would be
Were she in love up to her eyes
With the hardest hearted gentleman that ever lived.

So think of that, lady, and do your best
To excuse us.

Mar. I do not know that, Colonel.
The general here said something to that effect
When he wooed your humble hostess;
But now I know him to have been
A most shameful maligner, since I have found
Him out better. No, you soldiers are all alike:
You smile whenever you see a woman
Within a mile of you; and as for blushing,
I verily believe you do not know what it is;
That you couldn't do it to save your lives.
And you all flatter, too; and when
You once have conquered a fair maiden,
Then soldier like, you wish to conquer another,
And let her pine out her broken heart
While you are pouring balm on another.
Alas, even now, gentlemen, you look at the general
As if you were already sympathyzing with him;
And saying to yourself, what a cruel jailer he has,
That keeps him imprisoned in this fortress
While he might be out conquering others.

(Enter a servant.)

Ser. General, there's a messenger at the door
With a letter, which he says is very important,
And wishes to give into your own hands.

Arn. Admit him then.

(Enter Lieutenant Allen.)

Good morning lieutenant.

Allen. Good morning, General. I salute you, ladies,
And you also, gentlemen.

Arn. What is the news, lieutenant?

Allen. Here is a letter, sir,
Which Colonel Johnson told me to give you.
It is marked important on the back of it,
So I made all the haste I could.

Arn. Very well, I will look at it immediately.
Will you have some breakfast, lieutenant?
Wife, please see that he is made as comfortable
As possible. Excuse me for a moment, gentlemen.
(He gets up, goes aside, breaks open the letter, and reads it.)

Mar. Sit down here, lieutenant: here's an empty place.
Though you have come last, and we
Have made some headway with the breakfast,
Let it not jar on your feelings
That I now invite you to sit down with us.

Allen. O, lady! how can you think so!
First let me thank you, and then let
Me be seated. I'm as hungry as a lion.

Mar. Good; but don't eat us all up;
We might not taste good.
But let me fill your plate for you.
Now, lieutenant, good appetite and good diges-
tion.

Allen. I thank you, hostess. Don't mind me any further.
Let me hide myself in my own modesty.

Mar. Another bashful man! the world's
Coming to an end. I am going to plague you
Since you are bashful; I am going to stare you
Out of countenance altogether if I can.

Allen. Be hospitable to me, lady.
Don't mind me,

Mar. That would be indeed poor hospitality.
I am going to bother you the rest
Of the meal for that speech.

Arn. Andre captured! the papers sent to Washington!
All discovered! My God! all then is lost!
And nothing remains to me but flight.
O, Andre, how could you let yourself be taken!
Where are your big words, your big promises now?
They sound to me now like mockery.
But this is no time for emotion.

My face! do not betray me, but be a mask
For me, and shield all the feeling that possesses me.

Ham. The General seems somewhat agitated.
What has happened, General? anything extraordinary?

Arn. No, nothing extraordinary; yet something more
than ordinary.
Gentlemen, my immediate presence is required at
West Point,
So please tell General Washington when he arrives
That I was unexpectedly called over the river
And will soon return. Some one see
That a horse is ready for me at the door.
Excuse me, gentlemen, I must now leave you,
But don't let this interrupt you;
Finish the meal as if nothing had happened.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Do, gentlemen, as the general said;
Do not let this interrupt the meal.
Though the general is absent; the general's wife
Is present, who, I trust, has enough charms
To interest a bevy of gentlemen at a table.
The business must be of some importance
As the general is in such a hurry to be off.
Can any of you imagine what it is?

Ham. I am sure I cannot.
But then it is not necessary for us to know,
As the general would have told us of it,
If it had been.

(*Enter a servant.*)

Ser. Madam, the general desires your presence
In your chamber at this instant, he said.
He wishes to see you before he leaves.

Mar. Very well, I will go instantly.
Gentlemen, please excuse me for a moment.
While I am absent I trust
You will make the best of this interrupted meal.

[*Exit.*

Ham. Well, gentlemen, let us do as our hostess bids us;
Go on with the meal. I admit, though,
That half the pleasure of it is lost now,
Since our accomplished hostess is not present.
Gentlemen, there's nothing like a pure lady's so-
ciety,

To keep a man from being an outright boor.

Allen. Colonel, I think you are right there;
But now we must make the best of circumstances.
And now, gentlemen, let me propose a toast,
Which I hope is not out of order.
Waiter, fill the glasses, please.

(The waiter fills the glasses.)

Allen. This is the toast,

I now have the honor to propose :

Long live the general and his excellent wife.

All. Long live the general and his excellent wife.

Allen. Drink deep and modestly, gentlemen,

As you also drink the health of a very modest woman.

The General is heard galloping on horseback, and Mrs. Arnold was heard to give a shriek in anguish just a moment before.

(The curtain falls mid wonderment.)

SCENE II.—*Another room in Arnold's headquarters.*

Enter WASHINGTON and HAMILTON.

Wash. Now the whole mystery is solved,

And everything comes to me like inspiration.

I can now review all of his acts,

And they all present themselves to me

As all the deeds of a lifetime

Present themselves to a drowning or a dying man.

It is clear that he has gone over

To the enemy.

Ham. That we may be certain of, your excellency.

Wash. Now, Colonel, all idle talk is time wasted—

I fear we have wasted too much already—

And every moment Arnold is gaining on us,

And making our chances less to capture him.

Therefore, saddle your horse with all speed

And ride to Verplanck's Point, and see

Whether you cannot intercept him there.

Colonel, I would give you a fortune

If you could apprehend the traitor.

Use all your best endeavors to capture him.

If not alive, take him dead.

Farewell.

Ham. I go, your excellency; and will do my best

To capture him.

[Exit.]

Wash. O, my country, my dear, loving country,

That is every moment in my thought,

And my every thought, my care for you,

Than whom I love better than my life;

As dear as my soul, my dear, beloved country,

My good, sweet, loving, dear country,

My hope, my joy, my sorrow, my fear, my all,

What should I do now to save you

From this cruel stroke that is about

To be inflicted upon you. O, my country, my child,

If I could but lay down my life to save you,

How gladly would I do it.

O, God! thou great ruler of destinies,
I pray thee look down upon our country,
And throw thou thy heavenly mantle over it,
And guard it from all harm.
Tell me what to do, O, God,
And tell me how to do it,
That I may best serve my country.
Oh, let me now collect my scattered thoughts,
And see what's the best thing to be done.

Enter LAFAYETTE AND KNOX.

O, General, whom can we trust now?
O, Marquis! Arnold is a traitor,
And has fled to the enemy.
I let fall a tear for Arnold the General,
But hereafter I can not but despise
Arnold the traitor.

Laf. What did you say, General? Arnold a traitor

Wash. Yes.

Laf. O, infamous man!

Knox. Can this be true? O, dear faith!
With whom can we lodge you?

Wash. Yes, 'tis true.

Laf. Well, General, I do not envy him his reputation.
This no doubt will get him one
For his country next to that of Judas.

Wash. Yes, no doubt. Ungrateful, treacherous,
Worse than any faults that are,
You appear darker to me now
Than the thickest gloom I can imagine of.
We all trusted him too as ourselves.
O, most degenerate man, to have fallen so low.
As low as the archangel fell,
When he fell from heaven,
In his downward flight to hell.
Yet satan is to me an angel still
When compared to him. Come, let's talk
Of him as little as possible.
I can not but despise such a man.
And now, generals, to the business on hand.
As we are wholly ignorant of the extent
Of his plans, and do not know
The degree of maturity to which they have been
brought
Or what persons may be involved with him.
Our first steps must be to provide
For the security of the garrisons and its dependen-
cies.
General, will you see that some messengers
Are brought in.

Knox. Certainly, your excellency.

[*Exit.*

Wash. Now, General, I will first write
To the principal officers at West Point,
And to the others commanding detachments
In the neighborhood, and give them explicit or-
ders,

And tell them to make the best arrangements
For resistance in case of an attack.

Laf. You know best, your excellency.
(*Re-enter Knox, with messengers.*)

Wash. Very well, General, thank you.
Let the first messenger step forward.

Knox. You hear his excellency. Step forward.

1st. Mess. I am ready, sir, to obey your orders.

Wash. Very well: take this letter
To the commanding officer at West Point;
And take a body guard with you
Of eight men in case of danger.
You will do this with all the speed
You can. Farewell.

1st. Mess. Yes, sir.

Wash. The next. You, sir, will take this to Salem.

2nd. Mess. Yes, sir.

Wash. This is to North Castle.

3rd. Mess. Yes, sir.

Wash. You this to Dobb's Ferry.

4th. Mess. Yes, sir.

Wash. You this to King's Ferry.

5th. Mess. Yes, sir.

Wash. And you this to Colonel Livingstone
At Verplanck's Point.

6th. Mess. Yes, sir.

Wash. You all understand your duty.

Will. Yes, sir.

Wash. Hold! you will all take a body guard
With you, and make as much haste
As you can. Farewell, and God speed.

[*Exeunt Messengers.*]

Wash. Now, we must send an express to General Green,
Who you know is commanding the army near
Tappan

In my absence, and direct him to put
The left wing of it in motion as soon as possible,
And to march towards King's Ferry, where,
On the road, we will give him furtur orders.
Come, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Mrs. Arnold's Chamber.*

MRS. ARNOLD, with her child, and BEESY present.

Bet. Sister, dear sister, pray cease all such talk.

Why, you have been going on so

For the last three hours. Do you wish
To kill yourself? Well, you are doing it
As quick as the clumsiest doctor in the
World could do it. You are incorrigible : pray
remember,

All this weeping does no good : it cannot
Bring back your husband to you,
Nor can it change what has been done :
If it could, then I would not attempt
To restrain you from it ; yet weep.
If you will, dear sister ; perhaps 'tis best :
'Tmay ease your poor heart somewhat.

Mar. My heart can never more be easy ;
It has already become as heavy as lead,
And seems to weight my whole body down.

Bet. O, poor, unfortunate sister ! I pity you
With all my heart. If I could do anything
To relieve you I would do it willingly,
But I am skilless, as much as I would
That I were able, I am but a poor hand
For comforting ; my heart beats strongly for you,
But I can not find words to make it speak.
That's right, dear sister, do try to be easy.
Poor heart ! you are now almost dead from weep-
ing.

You look as weak and wearied as an infant
That has not slept the livelong day.
Do try to sleep and rest yourself.
Come, lay your head on my bosom,
Right next to your child's, and let me see
If I can not ease you a little ;
Do, poor sister, come and follow the example
Of your child and let me rock you to sleep.

Mar. No, no, Betsy, I could not go to sleep.
I do not think I can ever go
To sleep again, nor do I wish to,
Until that last sleep that knows no more
Awakening here on earth. But I thank God
That my child is asleep, and I thank you,
Dear sister, for all your kindnesses to me,
And may God bless you for it ;
I can not ; I do not think I have
The power, nor do I think my blessings
Would do you any good,
I am such an unfortunate creature.

Bet. Do not think that ;
Some day you will wonder why you wept
So much on account of this. Now do try
To be a little more cheerful, for my sake,
If not for yours.

- Mar.* I never can be cheerful again ;
I never can smile again as long as
I live, but must now go to my grave
As sorrowful as a God-forsaken ghost.
Heaven ! such misery that I must now endure.
I have given up all hopes that I will ever
Have another peaceful hour here on earth.
I only wait for death to carry me off,
That I may again be peaceful.
O, my child, my little babe, were it not
For you, I would be more than willing to die.
- Bet.* Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw. Dear, dear, dear, don't
talk so.
Don't for heaven's sake, don't.
- Mar.* My husband does not love me any more either,
Or he would never have left me
In the manner that he did.
O ! these men, these men, what sorrow
They cause us poor women. Why do they
Not think of us when they do their misdeeds,
And that we must suffer too,
Along with them. If they only would,
And had the least feeling for us,
I do not see how they could have the heart
'To do things so thoughtlessly and unfeelingly
As they do. O, my husband, are you dead to me ?
If so, then, God, let me die, too.
- Bet.* For heaven's sake, sister, do be quiet.
The next thing you do, you will
Be worrying your child, and making it miserable,
too,
As you have been doing me and yourself
The whole day long.
- Mar.* Give me my child, Betsy ; let me nurse it ;
You are tired anyway ; I know you are.
Come, give me my child ; I feel
As if it was not safe out of my arms.
- Bet.* Not safe, sister !
- Mar.* God forgive me ! forgive me, dear, kind sister.
I know he is safe with you, but I must
Have something to caress and love
Or I shall go mad. Give me him, please.
- Bet.* You will wake him.
See, how beautiful he sleeps !
An angel of innocence and peace.
Let me keep him just for a
Little while yet ; do.
- Mar.* No, no, give him to me ;
I can tend him better than you,
Is he not my child ? am I not

His mother ? poor, dear, sweet, innocent child,
You little cherubim, so heavenly, pure and sweet.
Let me kiss the heavenly moisture off
Of your lips, to quench the thirst
And anguish of my poor starved heart.
Give him to me : you should not wish
To keep a child from its mother.

Bet. Very well : take him then :
Here he is. You poor, fond heart !
I hope it may ease it with its dear
And sympathetic influence.

Mar. Who is coming . My husband ? I think
I hear someone coming. Do you think
It could be my husband ? Maybe 'tis
His ghost, or maybe they have captured him,
And are now bringing him back in chains.
Then they will hang him to a gibbet,
And mock both him and me in our misery.
Let them not come in here, in an innocent
Person's house, where they have no business,
But let them look to their own houses,
Where there is more need for them to search,
And let them unearth the filth there
In all its nakedness and foulness.
Away from there, you minions of the law,
And go where you are wanted, and do not
Come in here to get me in your clutches,
For I will scratch your eyes out
Before you can ever see me.
Keep the door shut : no coming in here :
I'm not at home ; I'll not have it.
Keep 'em out ; they'll take me prisoner, too.
Thinking I was his accomplice.
Fasten the door tight, so they cannot
Get in ; I would not have them catch me
For all the world.

Enter Doctor Physick and Annie.

Bet. Why, sister, do not be frightened.
No harm shall come to you while I am here
To protect you. Compose yourself : there's no
sense
In your being frightened.

Mar. I say they are coming for me ; maybe they
Are here this very instant. They wish to take
My babe from me too : first they will hang
My husband to a hickory tree, and then they
Will hang me, and then throw out my babe to
The wild wolves for them to devour.
A savage, monstrous pack of you,
That all deserve to be killed,

Instead of killing others who are innocent
And harmless as lambs.
Oh, there's much cruelty in the world !
Our family will become extinct all at once :
There'll be a hanging bee to-night as sure
As fate ; our doom has knelled ;
It is now near : I hear the bell.
O fatal bell ! It tolls slow,
But sure and certain. And what to me, moreover,
Was strange then, but not now.
I had a dream last night that was
Very unfavorable. It said I should never
Have married, and that something terrible would
Happen to me.

Bet. This is nothing real, sister, nothing but your imagination,
A dream ; that's all.

Ann. What do you think of this, Doctor?
Every since her husband left her
She has been cutting such capers.

Phys. This is serious, very serious, indeed,
As all brain affections are ; and that she has
A brain affection even you yourself, girl,
With your simple wisdom, can see.

Ann. What do you think caused it, Doctor?

Phys. Well, a variety of causes might have affected this.
You see, I am not fully yet acquainted
With the history of the case, so I would
Not say for certain what was the cause.

Ann. Poor dear, she is quiet now.
Perhaps she'll get better after this.

Phys. Merely a lull in the storm
That is raging in her mind.
In a little while, take my word for it,
She will break out afresh and with renewed fury.

Ann. How can you tell, Doctor?

Why shouldn't she get better now ?

Phys. Girl, I tell you I'm a doctor ;
Have practiced for years. and know what
I speak of. You must listen to me with respect,
And have confidence in my superior wisdom ;
And you must also answer me truly everything
I ask you to the best of your ability.

Ann. I know you know a good deal, Doctor.
Of course you do ! you know everything.
I hope you'll forgive me ; I beg your pardon.
Certainly, doctor ; I meant no offence, doctor.
Is she out of her mind entirely, doctor ?

Phys. No, I wouldn't hardly say that she was.
There is some aberration of the mind, no doubt,

But to say that she was *non compos mentis* entirely,
That would be more than I could say
With perfect truth. But let us watch
The case, and see what it may unfold
To our observation, 'tis a very interesting one.
No doubt she will soon take up
Her interrupted discourse again.

Mar. Ha, ha! Look! look!
Now I see him marching out to the scaffold.
The drum is muffled, and beats time
To the soldier's tread; his step is firm and sure;
He does not blanch to meet his fate.
Now they put the black cap on his face,
And now pull the support from under him.
O, God! now he falls and breaks his neck.
Heaven! what a horrible death to die!
I'd rather drown myself than die that way.
Though I've heard people say it was
Not so hard—only a peculiar sensation,
In fact it was nice and soothing
After you get use to it.

Bet. O, sister! what a horrible dream.
I wonder what put it in your mind.
Nothing but your fear. Compose yourself, dear
sister.

Phys. Bromides, girl, would do her good.
But, then I would not say positively so,
For the best thing to do here would be
To remove the cause. and, lo, that once removed,
Why, then, the effect would be gone too.

Ann. Then why don't you remove it, doctor?
You surely ought to remove it, if that's
The case.

Phys. Girl, you should be silent and listen,
And not be so noisome and talkative,
When I am ready to remove it, I will.
I wish to mark the case well, first;
It's very interesting. But let's see
What we know of it already;
I mean what you; I myself know, of course,
Pretty certain what the cause is.
She didn't fall violently, did she?

Ann. No, doctor, I don't think she did.
Why do you ask, doctor?

Phys. Well, you see, she might have ruptured
A blood vessel or something of that nature,
But of course that's out of the question now.
She hasn't heart disease, or kidney disease,
As you are aware of? Of course not? no?

Ann. No, doctor, not that I know of.

Unless, doctor, this shock that she received
When her husband left her so abruptly
Might have affected her heart.

Phys. It might, girl—

Not that you could suspect such a thing by yourself—

It might, I admit—I have read and heard
Of such a thing—it might, I say,
Be a case of a broken heart, but I only
Say might—I do not say is.

This is a disease, girl, that which she is
Suffering from now, that the medical profession
Does not, as yet, know much of. It is obscure yet
To us, but light, glorious light, is beginning
To dawn on our minds, and soon all darkness
Concerning it will have vanished, and we'll be able
To see it in all its true character.

Ann. What would you call it, Doctor?

Has it a name yet, Doctor, that disease?

Phys. Well, no, girl, not in the books, yet,

But there is a nomenclature that I
Would give it if I was to write about it
And make it known to the profession.

It is a disease of sorrow, grief, anguish, despair,
Sadness, and melancholy—not 'melancholia,'
I mean, mind you; no, no, that is a calm and mild
Disease compared to this, but this one is composed
Of all misery. I'll think about it more.

I'll not give it a name yet. I must look up

My Latin before I should undertake to properly
do so.

Mar. Oh, they come, they come.

Hide me, hide me, for heaven's sake,

Hide me. Oh, I hear 'em coming.

Oh, lock the door! For God's sake,

Don't let 'em come in. Now they will ring

The bell. No, they are not even so polite,

But even come in as unceremonious as the hang-
man.

Enter Washington and Hamilton.

Phys. Chloroform would come in handy here, girl.

I wish I had it with me;

I would stop these convulsions of nature then,
As sure as there's virtue in some medicines.

Ann. Don't chloroform her, Doctor, for heaven's sake,
You'll kill her.

Wash. Madam, I heard that you were ill.

What can I do for you? I wish

To tell you that my assistance is at

Your service, if I can aid you.

Mar. You wish to take my child from me:
Not content with having taken my husband from me,
You now wish to take away my child.
Give me my boy, Annie. Do not come
Near me, sir: monster, that you are,
You wish to murder my child, my poor,
Little innocent babe.

Phys. Ha! this is an hallucination
That she is laboring under, but hardly that.
I suspect; rather a delusion of the mind.
Poor woman, I fear she'll be getting down right
crazy
If the strain is not soon taken off
Of her mind. I might give her an injection
Of morphine, if she'll let me.
I'll try her.

Mar. Keep away from me, sir. Do not come
Any nearer. You shall not have him
Unless you kill me first. Poor unfortunate babe,
Be not afraid. Your mother will protect you
With her life; yes, that's what she will.
My poor, dear, sweet, little babe,
That you are, they wish to take you from me,
But they won't; not while I'm alive:
No, they won't.

Wash. Madam, I do not intend to harm him,
But on the contrary—

Mar. I say keep away: you shall not have him;
He is my babe; I am his mother:
Why should you wish to come 'tween wife and
child?

O, sir, on my bended knees, I pray you,
Do not rob me of my child. He is the
Only one I have, the only one
I ever will have, therefore I beseech you
Do not take him from me. Poor little lamb,
He's innocent, I swear he is. O sir,
Spare my child! do not kill him.

Phys. You should dissuade her, your excellency,
From this opinion. If you don't, I wouldn't wish
To be held responsible for her mind.
It's tottering in the balance now,
And but a little more straining would be enough
To make it give and topple over.

Wash. Madam, dear madam, compose yourself.
Why do you think I wish to kill your child?
How could such a thought ever have entered
Into your mind? No, no, dear madam, believe me,
I have nothing but good intentions towards your
child,

As I have the same towards you.
God forbid, I would not harm a hair
Of your baby's head for all the world.

Mar. I do not believe you, sir.

You are false as all men are.
You are deceivers all, all gay deceivers,
And think of nothing but wrecking and ruining
Us poor women. God forgive you all.
You have much to answer for.

Wash. Madam, listen to me—

Mar. No, I'll not. Don't think for a moment
That with your honied words you can deceive me.
There is that gallant deceiver, Colonel Hamilton,
over there.

I wonder he does not aid you in trying
To deceive me. He is a gallant gentleman, sure ;
He should persuade one if any one could.
But I will not be deceived. You wish
To murder my child. If not, what did
You come here for? You've killed my husband.
Why did you do it? O, sir, what have
You done to him that you do not bring
Him to me? Tell me, what have you
Done to him?

Wash. Madame, I assure you, your husband is all safe.
I have done all in my power,
In accordance with my duty, to have
Your husband arrested, but, not having succeeded,
It gives me great pleasure to assure you
Of his safety.

Mar. Can I believe you, sir? Is my husband safe?
Has he escaped your clutches? Thank God,
Thank God! My husband is safe.
Oh, how can I believe it possible?
How do you know he is safe?

Wash. He has written me a letter
Within the lines of the enemy, that is,
On board the Vulture, a British man of war,
Therefore you may well believe he is safe.
He desires that you may be allowed
To go to your friends in Philadelphia,
Or to join him, whichever you chose to do.

Mar. And will you let me go to him?
O, sir, I pray you, he is my husband—
Oh, let me go to him.

Phys. The strain has given away now,
And she's all right. I guess my services
Are not any more required. I'll stay, though ;
She may suffer a relapse.

Mar. What did you say? Will you let

Me go to him ?

Wash. Certainly, madam, when you are well,
You can go to him, if you desire.

Mar. I am well ; I am not ill.

Let me go to him right away.

When can I leave ? Now, this evening ? When ?

O, sir, let me go to him now.

Wash. Pray, have a little patience.

You are not well enough to go to him

At present.

Mar. I see, sir, you do not wish

To let me go to him. You make this

As an excuse. Pray, sir, do not delude

Me any more with false promises and hopes.

It's no kindness that you do me—

Though you may think so—

To promise me something to humor me,

When you have no intension of fulfilling your
promises.

No, it only makes me feel the worse

In the end, for then I did not have

Any hope and could not be disappointed ;

But when once hope is aroused in one—

Oh, how bitter 'tis to be disappointed.

O, sir, let me go. Gentlemen, I swear before

High heaven, and may I suffer eternal damnation

If I do not tell the truth,

I am as innocent of any crime as

The new born babe. Why, God bless you, gen-
tlemen,

Do you not believe it ? I did not even know

That my husband did any wrong

Before that I was told of it. Why, sir,

You should not pronounce me guilty of

Anything because my husband is. He did not

Tell me his secrets—unfortunately he did not.

O, sir, let me go. I beseech you.

I swear, as heaven is my witness,

I am as innocent as an angel.

Ham. I will vouch for that, your excellency.

Believe it, she is.

Wash. I believe she is too.

I would not blast her pure name

For all the world. You shall go to him, madam,

As soon as you are able. Have but patience.

Mar. Patience ! Good God, sir, what patience more

Would you wish me to have ?

O, my poor boy, have I not had patience,

As much as heaven for your poor sake ?

I'd have killed myself else, if not.

Wash. I know, madam, that you are almost divine,
Yet have a little more patience,
And all things will turn out all right.

Mar. O, my poor babe, my poor unfortunate child,
My little lamb, what will become of you?
Must you now, too, be sacrificed to
The unfortunate altar of misguided man?
O, my little cherub, you are the most
Ill-fated babe ever given birth to.
Would that you had never been born.
Alas, for that unfortunate hour in which
You was born. I would that, in that blessed hour
That I gave you being, you had died.
Yet God knows that I suffered much for you,
That I am willing to suffer more for you;
That every hour of suffering was joy to me;
That my every moment of pang was rapture.
Yes, my poor babe, you are the dearest part
Of myself, the divine essence of my life—
Yet I would I had never given you birth withal.
For who knows now what will happen to you,
Where my little lamb will stray to,
When once out of its poor mother's fold.

Wash. Put his keeping in God's hands, madam,
And he will never go astray; or if so,
God will bring him back again in the fold.
Now only take good care of yourself,
And you will see your husband very soon.
Come, Colonel, let's leave Mrs. Arnold to herself.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE.—*A Guard House.*

ANDRE *present, guarded by soldiers* and HAMILTON.

And. Well, my life's sands will soon be run out,
And I will drop from out the sight of man,
Like a fallen star drops from the firmament
Into some hidden space, or as a pebble thrown
Into the mighty waters sinks never to rise again.
I have had my day,
With all its bright concomitants,
While now will come my night,
With all its dark and hidden mysteries.
Soon it will be with me,
When trouble, strife, sorrow, misfortune,
Peace, love, and friendship here on earth,
I will never have anything more to do with—
Ah, 'tis sorrowful to die, that you cannot deny,
But only think how I am to die.
To be hanged like a felon on a gibbet.

Think but, Colonel, what such a scene,
What thoughts it brings before my mind—
I, a man of such dear, sensitive feelings,
That the least discord grates on me.
Oh, I cannot brook the idea of such a death.
It makes my very flesh creep over my body,
When I think I must die in such a manner.
Understand, I am fully reconciled to my death,
But I most heartily detest the mode of it.
O, Colonel, you interceded for me, did you not,
With your commander-in-chief? What did he
say?

Do you think it possible that he may grant me
My request, that I may be shot?
Oh, 'tis a disgraceful death that they might
Well spare me of. Tell me, do you think
It yet possible? Tell me truly, as you value me.

Ham. No, Andre, there is no hope but that
You must die, even in the manner
That you most dread. You must hang;
That is the decree: so make up your mind
That you must prepare yourself to meet it.

And. Well then, so let it be.
I am the victim of misfortune,
And she will pursue me to my grave,
Ay, and even beyond, if she could.
But I hope, by the grace of God,
To shake her thence off of me,
And at last be free of her.

Enter DOCTOR COMFORT.

Ah, my dear, reverend sir, you are come too
To take your last farewell of your poor friend.
I do not know how I can thank you all
For the love that you bear me:
And this is the last time I expect
To see you. Well, though we may never more
Meet here on earth, I have still the thought
Left me that we shall meet again in heaven.
Oh, 'tis a dear thought to me,
That I may meet a particular friend in heaven.

Comf. So it should be, Andre.
Blest be God for his infinite goodness,
Praised be he for all-perfect government.
He has no flaws in his government—like we—
That is in the wisest man's power to discover,
But His is perfectly divine,
While man can but seek to imitate,
Though he can never with his imperfections
Hope to accomplish it. I hope you
Are now fully prepared to meet your Maker, Andre,

And that you have left nothing undone
In this emergency.

And. I am well prepared, sir,
With all dear confidence to make my journey.
Now I have no fear of being taken prisoner,
Or of being intercepted on my lonesome way:
The devil must now give me wide berth,
For God's ministering angels hover around me,
And guard me with their beneficence;
O, my friends, I can die easily now,
Since I know there is no other way;
And if I have any regret to die
It is that I must leave this world
Before that I can explore its hidden beauties.
And admire all the grandeur of this under globe.
This is a beautiful world to leave forever,
Still 'tis very prudish in me to complain,
Since I now go to the country of countries,
Where all the worlds travel to,
And may explore the infinite secrets of the uni-
verse.
O, thou infinite universe! thou hidden appalling
mystery!
Thou mystery of mysteries! how infinitesimal
Is our knowledge of thee,
That we can only guess thy secrets,
By the dim appearance of a star,
A moon, a sun, a satellite,
Or by the planetary motion of
A little world! why is it,
That you only give us glimpses
Of your mysterious mechanism,
And not let us thoroughly see
The powers that control ye?
Now I thank the God that gives me
An opportunity to unravel the mysterious skein
Of his works. At last I will have knowledge com-
plete:
Now I know nothing, or next to nothing,
Of things that are divine. I will now go
On this journey as cheerfully and expectantly
As a young bride and groom go
On their bridal journey.

Comf. I am glad to see that you take
Such a cheerful view of it, dear friend.
Death should be nothing but a pleasure journey,
Which we should all love to take
When God sees fit to have us make it.
Even as we love to make a journey home,
'To return to our loving friends,

Whom we have been so long absent from.
Now you do nothing but return home,
After your sojourn here on earth,
Which is but the same as leaving
A foreign land to return to your native country.

(Enter a waiter, with food).

Ah, here is your breakfast, Andre.

And. Ah, even so.

This reminds us that we are yet on earth.
And must minister to our bodies
As well as to our souls. Come, Colonel,
Come, reverend doctor, draw near,
And let me invite you to take
Some breakfast with me, as it is
The last meal I will ever eat
Here on earth.

Ham. O, Andre, I could not eat now.
The food would be to me like shavings,
And tasteless, and as hard to eat.

Comf. Nor do I wish to eat either,
But I hope you will enjoy your meal.

And. I see you are not philosophers, friends,
Or you would not let sorrow move you;
Nor are you stoics either,
But you are nothing but men,
With man's feelings, that feel for
A man in his sorrow—
But you should not, gentlemen;
You should be philosophers and soldiers,
And take life even as they do.
I have seen a soldier eat,
With the body of a dead man
For his table; and with the groans
Of his dying comrades as music
To his banquet. Some reveler too,
And were as jovial as they could be,
And they were men, too, that a man
Might justly have felt proud to fight with
Or to command.

Ham. That may have been, Andre,
I do not doubt it in the least;
But I must confess I am but
A poor soldier this morning;
And as for a philosopher,
I am even such a one, I fear,
As a woman might make
If she was in love.

And. Socrates, the ancient philosopher, after having
been
Condemned to death, wrote a treatise on

The immortality of the soul, thus enjoying
The happiest moments of his life just before
He took his farewell of it. He kissed
The cup out of which he drank the fatal hemlock.
As if it contained the sweetest medicine ever
given him,

Knowing that his soul would enjoy eternal life.

Now I do not profess to be a philosopher

As Socrates was, but I hope

That I may follow his teachings,

And his last example here on earth—

Which was to die like a philosopher.

Come, and try to eat anyway.

We never know what we can do

Unless we try. I feel as if

I could eat a very hearty meal.

Well, I will sit down and eat.

Ham. I sincerely hope that you will enjoy it.

Comf. And so do I.

May it be as pleasing to you,

As the ambrosia of heaven.

And. Well, let's see what we have here.

Ah, here is ham and eggs, and potatoes,

And bread and butter, and coffee and liquor.

Why this is a meal fit for a man

To make his last exit from this earth.

Ham. Alas, Andre, your life is a sad poem.

Comf. So it is, indeed.

Yet so all our lives are,

As nearly as his is,

If we were but to take time,

And think over them.

And. Well, I am now ready to die.

I have already written my farewell letters

To my mother and sister (heaven bless them !)

And all my dearest friends.

Give my regards to all my other friends,

That may inquire for me, when I am gone.

Remember me kindly to your commander-in-chief,

And give him my thanks and gratitude

For all the kindnesses he has done me.

For you yourself, Hamilton, my dear friend,

I do not know how to thank you enough,

For all the kindnesses you have done me.

Let me give you this token as

A mark of esteem and friendship

I have for you. It is a present

From my angel mother, that she gave me

When I was a little boy.

I have worn it ever since,

And a dearer token I have not
In this wide world. I had always thought
That I would take it with me
To my grave, for I never thought
That I would ever have such a dear friend
With me in my last moments as you are,
And that I would ever be willing
To give it up to anyone; but now,
I think I had better give it to you,
That you may remember me by it.
Here it is, Hamilton: take it,
And think sometimes of your poor friend
When he is dead and gone.

Ham. I thank you most kindly, Andre,
For this dear token that you give me.
It will ever be as sacred to me
As if my own mother had given it to me.

And. And as for you, my dear reverend friend,
Let me give you this little testament,
A present from my dearest sister,
That she gave me when I left her
To make my fame and fortune in the wars.
I know I could not give it
In better hands, to one who will cherish it
More than you.

Comf. I thank you, Andre.
I'll cherish it as much as I do my family bible.
God bless you, Andre, God bless you.

Ham. What! are you through with your breakfast?
O, dear friend! you have not long to live.
Every moment you may expect to be called forth.

And. Do not grieve for me, dear friend.
When I die, I am most happy.
When I live, I am most miserable.
I can meet my fate like a man.
O, dear Colonel, do not look so gloomy.
You make this place look as gloomy
As a dungeon. Try to be cheerful;
'Try do; 'tis nothing sorrowful to die
If prepared for it.

To the Guard.

I am ready at any moment, gentlemen,
'To wait on you.

Guard. You have half an hour yet to stay, sir.
This I was bid communicate to you.

And. Very well.
You will see me to the last, I hope, my friends,
I trust you will see me die,
And say that Andre died as a brave man,
For his king and his country.

Comf. I'll be there, my friend,
To comfort you with my presence,
As much as I can.

Ham. As much as I hate to see you die,
I will, notwithstanding, see you to the last.

And. Thank you both
Now then, let me be alone for
A few moments, while I say my last prayer.
Then come for me, and I will take
My last leave of you, and poor Andre
Will be nothing but a name.
Till then, farewell. God bless you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Epilogue. London. Twenty years after. Scene.—A
room in a house.*

Present. Arnold, lying in bed, sick, attended
By Margaret and Mary.

Mary. 'E'll not last much longer, dear; 'ell go pretty
soon: this sleep that 'e 'as fallen h' into will be
'is last. I've seen many men die, h'and they h'all
go h'off just h'about the same—that h'is when
they die natural. Well, your 'usband 'as lived 'is
time; that's some consolation: 'e's dying natural-
ly; that's more consolation: 'e might, you know,
'ave died by violence h'or h'accident, h'and that
would 'ave been 'orrible h'indeed, h'awfully so:
so taking h'everything together, h'it's not h'as
bad, h'as h'it might 'ave been:

Mar. You may leave me now, Mary.
He's awaking and I would be alone
With him in his last moments.

Mary Very well, dear, just h'as you say.
You h'ought to let me stay with you though to be
some consolation to you, you know but h'of
course h'if you wish I should go, I will. I don't
want to be in your way, 'eaven knows, I don't.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. How do you now, dear husband? do you
Not feel somewhat better? Oh, I cannot
Believe this is death.

Arn. Nay, dear wife, do not grieve for me,
But help me to look death calmly in
The face. I feel that I must now die,
That all nature in me has run out her course,
And that soon all life will have become extinct.
Now do not grieve for what will happen.
It is better that I should die.

Mar. Nay, dear husband, you kill me
When you talk so. Let me weep,
If nothing else, for that is all

That I can now do.

Arn. Well, weep then, if you will.
You are the only one that ever will.
Not a man will mourn for me
When I am gone : not a soul
Will shed an humble tear
When I am dead. Not a voice
Will speak a word of sympathy for me ;
Not a single one will honor me,
Or follow me to my grave.
But I will even go to my grave
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
Well, it is meet, I know, I should go so.
I have myself to blame ; I have no right
To expect anything different.

Mar. Dear husband, do not think of such things.
If no one else will mourn for you,
You know I will. I'll mourn for you
Until I die.

Arn. Yes, Peggy, I know you will ;
More than I deserve: it would have
Been better for you if you had never
Known me: I have blighted your life
As well as my own. O, Peggy, I wish
I had another life to live ! I would
Live quite different if I had, I assure you.
I have lived a misspent life, and it would
Have been better if I had never been born.
Well, it is too late now.
I have lived, and I must now die.

Mar. How do you now, dear husband ?

Arn. I feel so easy and so quiet ;
There is such a calm and serene feeling
That now possesses me, that this life
That has been tossed about in such
A turbulent and tempestuous sea,
Now ebbs itself out without any pain.
Ah, Peggy, if you knew how easy 'tis
To die, you would not grieve for me.
I would not live another day if I could.

Mar. Alas, I always thought what pain
It must be to die. Then you do not suffer ?
Strange. I thought that when the soul was pre-
paring
To leave the body, there must be a terrible feeling.
One that would seem to rent the body in twain ;
Or a feeling of such dread vacancy
That would make the body collapse
As to give one most dreadful pain ;
Or a darkness of such dire obscurity

That would make the body a pit of hell,
After all the soul's light had departed.

- Arn.* Nay, Peggy, 'tis none of these.
Nothing but a sense of ease and weariness,
As if all life was running out of me slowly,
And in a steady and even stream.
I will go, flit away like a summer's day,
With as slow and calm an exit,
That when I am once gone,
You will hardly know how I went.
Well, I am an old man now,
And have had enough time to think over
And repent of the misdeeds of my life.
I have lived long enough to know
What it is to be without a country.
Heaven knows I have wished a thousand times.
Yea, thousands upon thousands of times,
'That I had never betrayed my country.
I never knew what it was to have one
Until I lost it. Now no country so dishonored
That will own me. Even England,
To whom I gave myself up,
Is sick of me, and no doubt wishes
That she was well ridden of me.
Well, I can not blame her.
But, America, my own country, if I could
Only call you so, I would give all the world
If I had it to give, if I could only
See you once more before I die.
But it can never be.

He sinks into a slumber.

- Mar.* O, God, can he be dead!
O, husband, speak to me, if you
Are yet alive.
- Arn.* O, dreary way, that I have now to travel.
O, darkness, dreary darkness.
Give me light, light, light.
Good wife, dear Margaret, kind loving Peggy,
Where are you, my sweet, my lovely soldier bride?
I can not see you.
- Mar.* Alas, dear husband, I am here.
Can you not see me? Can you not
Feel me? My arms are folded 'round you.
O, God! can death then be so near?
- Arn.* Ah, Peggy, 'tis you I know
By your soft and loving voice.
I can not see you, but I feel you.
My eyes have become already dimmed.
O, God! but for one moment of light.
Ha! what light does flicker on me,

Brighter than the brightest star in the universe.
'Tis even so : my eyes can yet distinguish light
'Tis my sweet, my darling Peggy's lovely eyes
That look so lovingly on me. Alas, alas, sweet
vision,

It has already become dim.

'Tis faded, 'tis gone. All is oblivion.

Mar. O, dear husband, I am still here.

Your own dear wife fondly caresses you.

Arn. O God, my country,—liberty—independence.

Traitor—my country—O God! my wife,

I am dead.

[*Dies.*

Mar. O, my husband, he is dead.

O God, forgive him, and have mercy

On his soul.

(*She falls on his body in a swoon.*)

Re-enter Mary.

Mary. 'Es dead h'at last, I told you so.

H'ob, poor woman, she 'as fallen h'into a swoon.
I 'eard this poor man's 'istory. 'E was a traitor
to 'is country. H'it seems to me that I could see
the word traitor branded h'on 'is fore'ead h'in
words h'of fire. God 'ave mercy h'on the h'un-
fortunate wretch. 'Es to be pitied most sincerely,
he is.

[THE END]

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